



FUTU. Sandwich will have his

Sandwich Wars



👁 146 ✓ 17 ★ 20

Chapter 1 by Cat4055

I stared as the sandwich started to multiply. Before long, the entire table was covered in sandwiches, it had started, the Sandwich Wars.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



My jaw is weary. Too long have I been a veteran of this awful war. Too many young boys have I seen, carted away because of lockjaw. Too much bloodshed. Too little progress.

The tomato slides out of my mouth. I cannot finish it. Sargent looks at me, horrified. He picks it up and shoves it back from whence it came.

"You need to finish it, son!" he yells. "Before it multiplies into a Jewish Rye!"

I look at the table. Thousands of sandwiches coat it. While we have been excellent at keeping them on the table, we have been unsuccessful in keeping their numbers low. Oh, what's the point? I can't possibly win. We can't possibly win. This is a stalemate where the opposition keeps getting fresher.

I fall to the ground. They have won.

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 3 by Phantom

No I can't give up. I just need to win.

That's when it hit me.

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I needed the ultimate weapons against food: Fat People!

Well that or the millions of starving children in Africa... but fatties will make a better story. I needed the fattest hungriest people in the world, Americans.

Luckily, there is no such thing as a war Americans can't be tricked into fighting, I was already hopeful that they would help.

The only thing I needed to figure out was how I would communicate with them. The sandwiches were spreading and time was of the essence. At first I tried pleading to their sense of decency, that failed. Then, I tried to persuade them with logical arguments about how this endangered us all. It fell on deaf ears. Things weren't looking good, I made a final act of desperation to save my people.

I infiltrated a Twinky factory and placed explosives. When the deed was done I had blown up the entire factory, at night so there were no casualties. Now was the tricky part, I had to convince America that the sandwiches had oil.

Chapter 4 by Ricky Spanish



But not just any oil. Something more expensive, more exotic, more.... delicious. Olive oil.

With the outrageous cost of this commodity, the Americans would be sure to join. I searched through the table, now littered with turkey clubs, Ruebens, and breakfast sandwiches. There it was, behind the hoagies, One gallon of the finest extra virgin olive oil I have ever seen.

The Cuban Rye noticed my interest. He picked up a toothpick and charged at me.

Chapter 5 by Rhenium



I quickly devoured it and left it to the others to continue the job. Then, I was finally able to convince the Americans to come, for they were all eager to get some of the olive oil.

When I got back to the table, there were at least twice as many sandwiches as before, and I had gotten my appetite back. I ate as much as I could, then worked to get the army of Americans over to the sandwiches.

They picked up one each and then they began eating. But the sandwiches were falling off of the table now.

Chapter 6 by Harry Potter2

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The sandwiches started rolling off the table. The sandwiches first strike. The door hinge exploded. The massive burger, two hundred pounds of solid meat,

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